In the blistering heat of the Arizona Territory, a tension simmered beneath the surface of the once-peaceful Laminite-Nephite community. The sun blazed down upon the dusty streets, casting long shadows over the faces of the townsfolk as they whispered about the latest administrative grievance that had shaken the town to its core. The air was thick with the scent of distrust and fear, as the whispers grew louder and the whispers grew into cries for justice.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting an otherworldly glow over the land, Jonathan, a weary traveler, stumbled upon a makeshift encampment. Intrigued, he approached a small group huddled around a crackling fire, their faces illuminated by its flickering light. He cleared his throat, hoping to catch their attention.

A woman with long, unkempt hair, streaked with gray, looked up from a tattered book she'd been reading. Her eyes, once sharp and piercing, now clouded with age. She smiled warmly at Jonathan. "Greetings, traveler. Please, join us. We are the Aloe Vera, a community of those who have been deemed 'incorrect' by the ruling government. Here, you will find refuge from the harsh realities of the outside world."

Jonathan hesitantly took a seat beside her, warming his hands by the fire. "I am Jonathan. I was traveling to find a new home, as I've been displaced from my own." He looked around at the other members of the group, all of whom nodded in understanding.

The woman smiled gently at him. "Your journey has led you to the right place, then. Here, within the Aloe Vera, we are all outcasts and misfits, united by our differences. We share what we have, and we help one another survive in this harsh world."

Jonathan felt a sense of belonging wash over him as he listened to the murmur of voices around the fire. People spoke of lost loved ones, of their former lives and dreams, of the strange and wonderful things they had seen. Some were artisans, crafting beautiful items from scavenged materials. Others were healers, tending to injuries and illnesses with herbs and traditional remedies. There were even a few who claimed to possess psychic abilities, using them to aid the group in their daily lives.

The woman introduced herself as Margarita, the unofficial leader of the Aloe Vera. She explained that their community had formed in the wake of the "Great Rejection," when the government had begun to enforce a strict set of laws based on a newly established state religion. Those who didn't conform were deemed 'incorrect' and were often met with hostility or worse. The camp was a sanctuary for those who had nowhere else to go.

Margarita spoke of the various challenges they faced, including the constant threat of 'Alien Invaders' – government agents in disguise, sent to capture or eliminate

those who didn't align with the new regime. "We must be vigilant," she warned, "but we have learned to live in harmony with the land, and it provides for us."

The night grew colder, and the group shared a meager meal of roots and berries. As they ate, a young girl named Luna approached Jonathan, her eyes filled with curiosity. "How did you find us?" she asked in a hushed voice.

As Jonathan listened to the murmur of voices around the fire, he couldn't help but feel a sense of belonging wash over him. The air was thick with the sweet scent of smoke and the pungent aroma of opium, which seemed to permeate everything. It was a world unlike any he had known before, a place where the language of the devil was traded openly and freely. A place where there was a constant demand for food and where battles raged endlessly in the distance. A place where blacks were not allowed, and where he, a Shiblon named Jonathan, was forced to seek refuge.

He glanced over at Margarita, the unofficial leader of the group, and saw the determination in her eyes. She was a Mormon, one of the few who had managed to escape the clutches of the new state religion. Her people were now considered outcasts, second-class citizens at best. But she had found strength in the beliefs of her ancestors, and she was determined to protect her people at all costs.

Next to her stood Nephi, her brother and closest confidante. A tall, broad-shouldered man with a commanding presence, he was a formidable warrior and a skilled strategist. His dark skin marked him as an outsider in this world, but he was accepted and respected by the group nonetheless.

The sky was a canvas of stars, twinkling like diamonds against the velvety black backdrop. It was a sight so breathtaking that it seemed to have been painted by the hand of some divine artist. Margarita Jonathan and Nephi See, two travelers from a distant land, found themselves mesmerized by the celestial display. They had journeyed far and wide, seeking enlightenment and a new beginning. Little did they know that this very night, they would witness the end of it all.

The air was thick with anticipation, as if the heavens themselves were holding their collective breath. The asteroid, a menacing presence in the sky, drew closer with each passing moment. Margarita and Nephi, both devout followers of Mormonism, clung to their faith, certain that in the face of such cosmic destruction, their god would see them through.

As they watched in awe, the asteroid grew brighter, casting an unearthly glow across the landscape. The earth trembled beneath their feet, as if the very foundations of creation were being shaken loose. The sky exploded in a blinding flash, and the sound of a million thunderclaps deafened them. The ground heaved violently, tossing them like dolls in a tempest.

Margarita and Nephi clung desperately to each other, their faces pressed against

the dirt, as they prayed for deliverance. They could feel the intense heat of the fire raining down upon them, singeing their hair and searing their flesh. The world seemed to be coming apart at the seams, as if some great cosmic force were unraveling the very fabric of reality.

As the last vestiges of light were snuffed out, they were engulfed in darkness so complete that it was as if they had been swallowed by the void. The ground beneath them continued to shudder and convulse, throwing them against one another with each tremor. Through the haze of pain and disbelief, they could hear a low, distant rumble, like the sound of a thousand thunders rolling across the sky.

Margarita and Nephi clung to each other, their bodies bruised and bloodied from the relentless onslaught of the asteroid's fragments. They had lost count of the times they had been struck, their minds unable to process the sheer ferocity of the attack. As the ground finally began to steady, they struggled to catch their breath, their lungs burning from the ash and smoke that filled the air.

Around them, the world lay in ruins. Buildings were reduced to rubble, trees snapped like twigs, and the very ground they stood on was scarred and charred. The sky was obscured by a thick layer of smoke, blocking out what little light remained. The air was thick with the acrid smell of burning flesh and metal, making it difficult to breathe.

Margarita and Nephi stumbled through the devastation, their hearts heavy with grief and disbelief. They had lost everything: their homes, their families, their entire way of life. But as they walked, they clung to each other, finding solace in the knowledge that they still had their faith.

The Meteor Impacts!

The story will continue...

Jonathan Olvera